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OUR DOROTHY

VERSES BY M. A. W.

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TO MY GOD-CHILD

DOROTHY

THESE VERSES ARE LOVINGLY

DEDICATED

M. A. W.

The theme of this story is founded upon the circumstances which led a lonely little stranger to a happy home.

The Illustrations are from photographs by Frank P. Jewett, of Orange, N. J.

"HOMELESS AND FRIENDLESS AND ALL ALONE."

OUR DOROTHY.

One day in early Spring, not long ago,
Fell from the far blue skies to earth below,
A jewel of Christ's, a pure bright pearl.
Not as Nokomis of old, did it fall,
Where blossoms covered the earth as a pall,
This baby wee—this dear little girl.
In a hospital ward, with walls cold and white,
The soul of the Mother had taken its flight
To join the Father's, gone before.
The baby eyes meet but the curious glance
Of eyes that look only with sufferance,
That wonder and pity, but nothing more.
No loving arms to clasp in close embrace,
No fingers, fond, to stroke the upturned face:
No soft kiss to still the plaintive moan.
A lonely stranger in a stranger land;
Tossed from the sea of Life upon the strand,
Homeless and friendless and all alone!

"DIRECT HER JUST TO 'CASTLEWOOD.'"

"Dear God in Heaven, will you be so kind

"As to look around and see if you can't find

"A little baby—'specially just for me.

"I'll take the very best of care of her.

"If just the same to you, I'd much prefer

"A girl, with eyes as brown as they can be.

"My sister Debbie died, and I loved her so;

"They put her in the ground where daisies grow.

' I'll see her some day, if I'm good.

"Now please to send another child down here

"The first day that it is warm and clear;

"Direct her just to 'Castlewood.'"

Dear little Gladys! The letter is done,
After many deep sighs and one inky thumb;
Crookedly stands the stamp at one side.
Day after day passes—no baby arrives.
To wait very patiently, the little one strives,
For the gift that God is to send.

"Do you 'spose God 'ill get it right straight away,

"And send me the baby without any delay?"

She asks of each one in their turn.

All the household, of course, is much amused

And with her longings become suffused.

(Children! a lesson you may learn.)

One morning, Papa in his paper reads

A message that seems to meet just the needs

Of his much indulged small girl.

What is there that he would not do for her

Is a deep problem for philosopher;

'Round her thumb, he seems to twirl!

"YOU'D BETTER WRITE AND HAVE HER SENT."

"See, Gladys! here's a baby, ready just for you,

"A little girl, one year old, and brown eyes, too!

"You'd better write and have her sent."

Perhaps the Brooklyn postman better knows

(Than "God in Heaven") to where this letter goes;

For a reply came, of quick consent.

In Mother's post-bag comes an answer, sure.

"If the little girl our baby would secure,

"Do come soon across the bridge to us.

"And if you give her tender, loving care,

"And with her all your many blessings share,

"The act will be most generous."

"GLADYS HERSELF, AS PROUD AS SHE CAN BE."

"Across the bridge" they quickly go to see
The mysterious babe, and all agree
'Twas sent for them and them alone.
Gladys' Mother's heart is large enough for all
Her children blessed, and this poor waif so small.
She takes the child, makes it her own.
Her baby troubles quickly fade away,
Darkest night becomes the brightest day.
The sun of fortune gaily on her smiles.
Brothers and Sisters hover 'round to pet;
The little one her past will soon forget,
And all will love her for her harmless wiles.
Gladys' baby! Everyone must come and see;
Gladys herself, as proud as she can be,
And the wee one coos a welcome sweet.
All must admire the curling hair, the funny nose,
The bright brown eyes, mouth like unto the rose,
And the "dearest, darling little feet!"

"BUT PLEASE, MA'AM, NEED I BE SO CLEAN?"

The little Mamma's airs are cute to see!

And baby strives so very patiently

To do just what is good and right.

"No, no, my dear," says this nurse so large;

"You must mind me, while you are in my charge,

"Or I can't trust you from my sight.

"You know you belong 'specially to me.

"I wrote to God for you at first, you see."

The baby laughs aloud at this—

And says (in Dutch) "You're the dearest one

I've seen;

But please, ma'am, need I be so clean?"

And all ends in a hug and kiss.

Again, at "high tea" see them sit and play:

"Bobby" decked out in "Sunday best" array,

All quaff the far-famed cup that cheers.

Crash! "You do not mind, or even seem to,

Naughty one! Don't cry; you did not mean to.

I will not spank you—dry your tears!"

"THAT 'GOD WILL WATCH THEM HERE AND EVERYWHERE.'"

Then "awful beddie time" comes quickly on;

The twilight closes down upon their fun;

Birds and babies go to soft, warm nest;

The childish lips together lisp their prayer

That "God will watch them here and everywhere,

"And let not anything their sleep molest."

"'OUR DOROTHY'—THAT IS NOW HER NAME."

Heaven surely sent this baby to our care.
"Whoso offends these little ones, beware!"
Said Christ, who from above on Christmas came
The white-winged letter brought her down to us,
"The gift of God," gift so miraculous!
"Our Dorothy"—that is now her name.

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